

PLAYER PIANO FAN

Music Critics Have Taken to Rollers for Entertainment.

Maude Adams One of Best Known Playerpianists.

PADEREWSKI WAS ENTHUSIAST

Begus, Willner, Vail and Woolworth Experts on the Piano.

Young and Old Alike Enjoy Playing on the Machines.

BY HENRY HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

In my early days as a music critic, I was an inimitable highbrow. I used to turn up my nose at anything which was not in the class of the three B's: Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms, played by the two B's: the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or Harold Bauer. My chief abhorrence was the playerpiano fan. It is true that I was familiar only with the transient kind of fan with the powerful legs, who always settles in the apartment above and spends his spare time grinding out "Poor Butterfly" in a Fly Girl No. 1, with all his might, and keeps the loud or blurb pedal turned on so that the notes run together like a platter of poached eggs after the cat has walked over them.

I found, with relief that he was a transient in fandom, because his rough-and-ready technique soon wore out either his instrument or his enthusiasm, or some exasperated neighbor would, at Christmas, make him a present of a roll for his player. I labeled "Maggie Fire Scene" and filled with T. N. T.

But this was my idea of the typical playerpiano fan until I myself was turned into a fan by one of the most charming and popular women in the world. She will never know what she did to me until she reads this number of Collier's. I hate to have her know that the story is too good to keep.

One morning I was writing in my room at the Fairmont hotel, San Francisco, when the sound of a piano came thru the wall. Someone in the adjoining suite was playing a Beethoven sonata, and playing it very well indeed. Now, I prided myself on my musical ear. I felt it was so experienced and sensitive that I could tell the playing of the world's great pianists apart, blindfolded.

I knew at once that it was no ordinary musician practicing in the next room. He was repeating one difficult passage over and over. I noted that while the technique was flawless even at the start, the interpretation gained in beauty at each repetition.

Next Door to a Genius.

It flashed upon me that I must be next door to some great virtuoso. Could it be Paderewski? No. The great man's playing had fallen off too much of late. Hofmann? This person's performance was too romantic and wild. Was it Granger? No. The music had not quite Granger's virility. Godebski? Almost, but not quite. Bauer? That was it! Of course! The piece now drawing to an end could come from no other fingers than those

of Harold Bauer. What luck to find my old friend in the same hotel. I must call him up.

I took down the telephone receiver and asked for Mr. Bauer's room. There was a pause and then: "No such party staying here." "Are you sure?" Who has No. 738, next door to me?"

"Miss Maude Adams," was the answer. I understood the situation instantly. Bauer was there, just as I had thought. One great artist was playing for another great artist. It was a sign of true friendship, indeed, to feel that while playing for a friend, you can practice a hard passage over a dozen times. Discretion was my watchword. I would not think of intruding.

Chopin's "Fantasie" began next door in Bauer's inimitable manner. I picked up the morning paper. But I had not been reading three minutes before I saw a notice of a recital in New York the day before by Harold Bauer.

It was amazing. I would have sworn he was in the next room. Who, then, could it be?

I seized my hat, went down to the office, gave the clerk a cigar, and remarked confidentially: "There's some great pianist in Miss Adams' room playing to her. Can you tell me who it is?"

The clerk grinned. "You've got the wrong dope," he said coarsely. "There's no great musician in 738 or in any other room. I am indignant. 'I tell you there is. There aren't a dozen men in the world who could play the Chopin 'Fantasie' as I've just heard it played.'"

"Take it from me," said the clerk, "you'd better guess again. The great pianist you heard was Miss Adams herself."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "A busy actress could not possibly spare the time and strength to keep in such practice."

"No, it ain't impossible," answered the clerk, grinning more than ever. "Now, listen here and I'll give you the real inside dope. The first thing Maude Adams does whenever she goes to a hotel is to have the best playerpiano in town sent to her room. She's a regular fan. Pumps that machine half her free time. She . . ."

The Pure of the Soul.

But, with terrible misgivings, I retreated to my room and listened. The mighty music of Schumann's "Symphonic Etudes" was rolling out of 738. I could hear it very distinctly, because the weather was warm and all the windows were open. And after the last chord, with a groan of self-abuse, I caught the faint but clearly recognizable purr of a spool of perforated paper being reeled.

It was a crucial moment in my life. "Good Lord!" I exclaimed to myself. "If a machine can allow a busy actress to sound like Bauer in the next room, I'm for it!"

As soon as I returned home I acquired a playerpiano and a lot of rolls, hunted up the best playerpianist I could find, and took a course of operative lessons. Before long, I was an ardent enthusiast. And I found myself one of a large fraternity.

For there are only four things that mankind needs more than music. They are food, clothing, shelter, and religion. Music comes fifth. Up to our day this fifth need has gone largely unsatisfied because music making was an expensive, arduous thing that required much special skill and a long course of costly education.

Within the last generation canned

music has come—the greatest spiritual boon of modern times—to make the art democratic. And it has passed rapidly from the early, crude stages to the point where today, anyone with an open mind, a little industry and the capacity for improvement may express his own emotions on the piano as truly as Granger or Bauer or Molschewitch. The day has gone by when mere matter of finger twiddling can stand any longer between John Smith and Ludwig van Beethoven.

The number of highbrows who still sneer at canned music is rapidly dwindling. Most of the critics have already discovered—by some such experience as Miss Maude Adams gave me—the superiority of the musical food served from the new, germ-proof can over that served from the open tin pan of the average pianist.

Famous Fans.

Many genuinely famous people are playerpiano fans. Bernard Shaw says that he had catch play the mechanical piano than hear Paderewski, Paderewski himself, after the death of his crippled son fourteen years ago, had no heart for the exertion of hand playing, but used to spend long hours at his mechanical instrument and told his friends that it had been a genuine consolation to him. Begus, the great left-handed sculptor, was a famous enthusiast. Wullner, the famous singer, spends a great deal of his spare time sitting a vast distance from the player piano, on account of his long legs, and playing Bach, Brahms and Beethoven as quickly as possible.

Theodore N. Vail and Frank W. Woolworth both had large mechanical organs in their houses. The latter instrument has an entire scale of colored lights, giving atmospheric effects appropriate to whatever music is going on. Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the celebrated portrait painter, never went to a client's home to paint him without insisting on the instant purchase of a playerpiano to inspire him while he painted.

To my mind, almost the best recommendation for the playerpiano is that its fans grow steadily more enthusiastic with advancing years. The old fellows seem to stick to it as long as they live. They may drop everything else, but not their machine. The pianist's fingers stiffen after a few months' disuse or a little rheumatism, but fingers are never too old to operate levers. And there is nothing like the fragrance of old music for calling back the good old days.

There is only one class of playerpiano fans more ardent than the aged, and that is the youngster. Turn a child loose with a mechanical piano and a large selection of rolls, and he is almost sure, sooner or later, to wear out the charms of the bad and the indifferent music, and fix his affections on the good, which will not wear out. The day has come when many a child of ten, who has been given the run of a playerpiano is more cultivated musically than the ordinary middle-aged concert goer. It is largely on this account that I was led to say, at the beginning of this article, that mechanical music is the greatest spiritual boon of modern times.

GET "PLESIOSAURIAN GLIDE."

Philadelphia, April 13.—Philadelphia, dancing together rejoice at news from Buenos Aires that a new plesiosafrican glide has been invented.

Three new tangos have been dedicated to the Patagonian monster for which Argentine naturalists are on a still hunt, the report adds.

Money Talks When Frosh "Say It With Flowers" to Their Spring-Time Loves

College First-Year Students Discover Difference Between a "Corsage" and a "Camisole"—Spring Means Formal Affairs—Formal Affairs Mean Flowers—and Flowers Mean Money—Men Are Hopelessly Ignorant!

BY LOIS ROBINETTE.

In the college world, spring means formal parties, and formal parties mean corsage bouquets for the fair ones. In a few years from now, when the last echo of the wedding bells has died away, these same young men whose motto now is "Say it with flowers," will perform change it to "Say it with beefsteak."

"It's very seldom," says the lady in a local flower shop, "that a married man orders flowers for his wife. How do we know they're married? Why, how does one know when the sun is shining or when it's raining—we just naturally know. They probably philosophize that 'What's the use to run after the street when you've caught it?' So when they do spend any money on flowers, you can be pretty sure that it's a forced put—like the man who came in the other day, because his wife's mad as the dickens at me, and I'm sending these as a peace offering—so you see how important that she get them before I get home—safety first!"

A Genius at Description.

"Why-er-er, it's kind of pink—no maybe it's orange—aw heck, it don't seem to me like it's orange either. It's kind of indescribable, doncha know. But I'm sure it's something light, what there is of it."

Some of them aren't even sure about that much—"How should I know what she's going to wear?" she didn't tell me and it don't seem like it'd be extra good manners to right out and ask her—What type?—Why, she's got blue eyes if that'll help yuh any—but any color 'ud look good on HER."

When it comes to the price a few are reckless and order "the best yuh got" with that come-easy-go-easy manner—but as a rule they are more conservative and say, "Well, do the best you can—you know I'm not very flush!"

TELLS BUILDING'S IMPORTANCE.

Bronze Tablet Placed on Federal Building at St. Augustine, Fla.

Washington, April 15.—Placing of a bronze tablet in the Federal building at St. Augustine, Fla., relating the historical importance of the site on which the building stands has been approved by the treasury department, acting on the request of the St. Augustine Historical society of which Chauncey M. DePew is president.

The tablet will state that the original building was purchased by the King of Spain in 1703 for 1,000 ducats as a dwelling for the Spanish governor general. The site was under the Spanish flag for 200 years and under the British flag for 20 years. It has been under the American flag since July 10, 1821.

Men—Ignorant Brutes!

"Then to show how little men know about flowers—last winter one of the prominent legislators—a very dignified man—explained that he and his wife were invited to a very exclusive affair and the hostess should send his wife a few flowers. That wasn't very definite, so we tried to get some idea of what he had in mind. He said in a very cock-sure manner, 'Well some flowers to pin on her—a camisole you know!'"

Yesterday a Mexican and his bride-to-be came in to select the bride bouquet. They couldn't speak English, so we piloted them over to the show-cases and told them to point out what they wanted. And Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto that bouquet—two flowers of every color we had in stock!"

Flocks of Corsages Now.

But to get to the formals and corsages. Every week now dozens of gay Lodiars are ordering corsages for their lady-loves.

As a rule freshmen who are undergoing their first "formal" experience and are kind of leary of the ropes bring in an older frat-brother to act in an advisory capacity. This veteran of parties does all the parleying and only consults the freshman when the question of finances arises.

Before a certain party a few weeks ago a young gallant approached the Flower-Shop Lady with—"I gotta buy a corsage—turn it!—Oh, just anything—dandelions, sunflowers—I don't care what only the cheapest yuh got—\$3?"

"My Gawd!—Here I needed a new pair o' trousers, an' a new cap, an' a shirt, an' oxfords—and then to get

BALL CLUB ON FIRST TRIP

Cooley Isn't Expecting Even Break as Seasoned Teams Will Be Met.

Dick Cooley and his ball club left town this morning not to return until the home part of the Southwestern league season opens on May 2. The team will play the Kansas City Monarchs, one of the strongest colored teams in the United States at Kansas City this afternoon and Sunday and from there will move south with Muskogees as an objective. The season will open there on April 20.

Altho Cooley has been able to pick a likely looking bunch of youngsters, weather conditions have been a handicap to early training and the club is going into the season more or less as an experiment. Cooley is counting on the two games at Kansas City to help put his bunch in shape and is confident that much improvement will be shown once the season gets under way, but realizes that on the first swing to the south all of the strongest teams in the league last season, with the exception of Independence will be met. Muskogees, where the first series is to be played, finished strong in the league last season and has had a club together playing exhibition games since early in March.

For this reason, Cooley isn't making any claims but says he will be satisfied if his team can win four out of the twelve games to be played on the trip. He isn't expecting an even

break but promises a winning combination by the time the club gets started on the first stretch at home.

MORE ARRESTS IN M. P. THEFT.

St. Louis Police Hear One Held at Ward, Ark., in \$35,000 Robbery.

St. Louis, April 15.—Additional arrests in connection with the \$35,000 robbery of Missouri Pacific train No. 5, here August 18, 1920, were expected by police here today following their receipt of word last night from Little Rock that Carl H. Ferguson, 23, had been arrested at Ward, Ark., and the subsequent announcement that two men were held here in connection with the case.

A fourth of the party, Alfred A. Oliver, is serving a ten year sentence following his trial and conviction as a participant in the robbery.

From unconfirmed sources it was learned two women are sought in the belief that they have information regarding the robbery which is desired by police and federal authorities.

ARREST TELEGRAPH STRIKERS.

Cuban Union Heads Face Charges of Stopping Public Service.

Havana, April 15.—Summonses have been issued by Judge Alberto Ponce for Jose M. Yaguer, chairman, and for members of the executive committee of the telegraphers' union to answer charges of committing a conspiracy to interrupt a public service.

Virtually no traffic is moving over the wires in Cuba in consequence of the telegraphers' strike.



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P. P. CLAXTON, Ph. D.
Former United States Commissioner of Education.

Your Children NEED MUSIC

THAT baby whose first smile was directly in your eyes—that toddler who you trotted on your knee to the tune of a nursery rhyme—he needs music.

You want your child to grow up strong, happy and noble in character. Do you realize what an important part music holds in the growing child's life?

There is Health-Building Happiness in Music

The National Child Welfare Association says that the musical instinct is a deeply rooted as the speech instinct and that to deprive a child of music is to rob him of his birthright.

Specialists are now advocating the giving of rhythmic exercises to the baby, beginning when he is about a year old, and continuing through childhood. They say that these rhythmic exercises, with musical accompaniment not only develop the child's muscle and improve his health, but benefit and also soothe his nerves and in some subtle fashion put him into harmony with the rhythmic orderliness of the world about him.

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You do not have to deprive your children of music because your fingers have never been trained to strike the notes on the printed page. The new Playerpiano gives you the ability to play with all the delicate expression and technique that comes from many years of practice. Won't you come in some day this week, and see this wonderful instrument? We know that its presence in your home will bring more happiness to your household and especially to your children.

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